THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

} CLUBS—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXX. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1851. WHOLE NO. 1541.

Original Poetry.

REQUIEM TO MARY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Whom the gods love die young.

To what but fond beyond our mortal sense
Has thy soul soared, and left our dearest sight,
Ere thou couldst know the sadness of existence,
Or feel the bitterness of its unkind sting.
As it is sad but left for those of regret!

What sound on Our Lord shall send above,
But can have time for aching his dearest love?
Heaven is surely bound to banish sorrow,
There beauty is in more than mortal glowing.

Lonely the stream each among grows the grass
Unpassed the sad and their silence is sweeter,
And the not in the flowers that bloom in the valley
Has made a desolate bird cry for thee.

Oh, what an angel like thou dost seem!
As one new made, and yet so young a one!
Free from the cares of a mortal's cursed lot,
Yet ready for the sorrow that must be.

All these dost thou escape, and yet
Thou hast not learned the sorrow to know.
That cause the patience kind with grief and mirth
Now our loved ones the sorrow to endure,
Gather in various round our social centre.

And he ill part for a people is gone.
That can be felt by those who are left behind.
Thou'rt made a one the angel's choir above,
Where thou dost sing with the seraphim.

How as the loved ones of the divine,
For earthly ties by no one are all united.
The closing most closely in the heart of God,
And on his throne from the nearest seat.

There none is unremembered in the world,
And every one is remembered by God.
Each is a precious one in all one's sorrow,
And each a precious one in all one's joy.

Weep not for her who has left us for Heaven,
Rather rejoice that she is there.

Harriet Clarke Evans.

Original Novelet.

VIRGINIA AND MAGDALENE;
OR,
THE FOSTER SISTERS.
A WINTER EVENING'S STORY.

(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTED WIFE," "SHANNONDALE," "RETRIBUTION," &c., &c., &c.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER III.

INDIAN SUMMER.

He stayed at her side and she at his. Two strange
How like they looked! Similar expression was in
Their eyes.
Sweetest unison, with a shade changed
Their features, as the sunlight and shadow
Alternately fall on the lovely in one scene.

"Now, then, tell me that since you left me this morning, you have been nowhere but to the house of Prospect Hall, and the forest, and thence home."

"I am doing it! I am looking at you now, and I tell you that I have been nowhere since I left you this morning, except to the house of the hall, and the forest, and home!" said Magdalene, with unfaltering tone, and unflinching gaze.

"You lie!" thundered Adam Hawk. Magdalene started and flushed crimson, as through her mind flashed the fear, but she did not quail. She quickly composed herself, and cast down her eyes.

"Confess, forthwith, that you have been to St. Leonard's, and that you have come to me with your fault and escape punishment!" commanded the father; but the child was silent, motionless.

"Confess, instantly, or I will thrash you within an inch of your life, and until you do!"

But Magdalene never opened her compressed lips, or raised her downcast eyes. Something in the matchless beauty, purity, and patience of her face touched his hard heart, and he paused before he said, in a less harsh voice,

"Beyond all question, will you forgive you?"

This softened tone succeeded better with Mag dalene, for new raising her eyes to his face, with a look of mingled dignity, very strange and affecting in a child, she said,

"I have no one to forgive, but myself, since they speak the truth. I am accused of lying should have themselves known. Until you trust me, I will be silent."

"What?" exclaimed Adam Hawk, astounded at the boldness and resolution of the child, and incredible, yet so calm. "What!" he inquired, as he understood, his features growing livid, and his eyes starting, seeming to grapple her form with a look like clutch. He was held here the awful, unfathomable power of his household for half a century, and never before met opposition—he whose will a child had but to express a desire to know, and that will thus any negro on the plantations—to be denied now by an infant, his grand-child! It was incredible! It was astounding! it was stupefying! the criminality of the thing was even lost in its magnificence. Adam Hawk did not stop to consider that his first slave, his cur, had been for another race—that as for his child, traits of character were not to be looked for in the second, as the third generation, and that in his grandchild he should not have supposed to find "What?" he roared, and thrust out his talon hand, as though he would have seized the child, but without touching her, although he longed to trust her form in his own grasp. He turned his head, and called in a voice which was like a rock across which it lay, he approached her, "Calling! to the plantation!" We shall see how long this vow of silence will be held! Speak! Confess that you have disobeyed me—that you went to St. Leonard's, and that you have come to conceal your fault, and escape punishment. Speak, I command you, or the most harsh descents upon you."

Magdalene was entranced. Magdalene was astounded. Magdalene was confounded! Not how her endearments had been kindled, by reading of the firearms and contempt of her grandfather—and that he her outraged truth and integrity—the rack! the thumb-screw! the boot! drawn over with iron lips. And now, furious with anger, Adam Hawk raised the lash that would mercifully have descended upon the shoulders of the proud and beautiful child, but that the floor was suddenly torn open by the flying trap, and evidently from above dropping, and who now breaking in, caught the uplifted arm of the enraged man, exclaiming:

"Ay, for God Almighty's sake, murder, don't, don't! Do you mean to murder the child? Are you mad to carnal weapons as a, as a friend would? Are you mad, my master, raving?"

"Let me!" said Adam Hawk, lowering the whip. "There! there is one before whom you cannot pretend to play, and to whom you must confess! Piggy can you go, and gave me information."

Magdalene raised her large eyes slowly, in questing upon the Goblin, who said, in answer to the inquiry, "Yes, sir, I can, and will, be ready enough."

"Then, honey, I must you go, you know I did. You sprang off like a subterranean! and away you went something down the steps as fast as you could, and with a shout to the boys at the barn, and those at the fire and warning her child! Now, don't, up, scout to mend trouble."

"Caution!" exclaimed Adam Hawk. His Magdalene's safety and honor, and upon this ground again, and his ego emphasized together, and the latter was the most. "Caution! I am to the look out the firm ups were unbroken, but even the warm comforting her young bosom nothing to fear. I am to see that my child's feet and her chamber for a little girl and Adam Hawk, leaving was whisked into the air, and would have descended with violence upon the shoulders of the child, but that with a cry of mingled anguish and despair and with the bound of a panther, the slave sprang upon his master, and the struggle was between the aged and the young, in which the aged at last had to acquiesce in his grandchild's victory, even when the latter was the first that child as she stood there contending with the three anguish of her impotent anger and despair, and the slave with all the manifestations of the blood of a thousand Africans—the child and the old man, the grandchild and the grandfather! Yes! Again the madman, for such Adam Hawk now was, trembled with emotion, and when a few strong blows at the fire had been followed by the instantaneous presence of Ervin, the Debarked, whom they had summoned to their aid, he was seen at a distance.

"Ervin, Ervin! what were you about to do? exclaimed he, seizing the whip from the hand of Adam, and whirling it away through the air.

"I was about to chastise her for false-hood, and disobedience, and ungrateful, the old man, turning upon the dwarf.

"He, he falsehood!" sneered Ervin, going to the door, and looking out, and closing it, he hastened to the middle of the room, to the distance of time and space. Magdalene slowly lifted her long, lingering eyes, and as she always regarded at him with her shadowy eyes. He regarded all questions as a border here, shaking his naughty and biting for her head, and to keep her fall from her hands, and she stood there in a sort of rather humiliating attitude, with her head bent down to him. With a third and more violent shake, Adam Hawk brought Magdalene again to her senses, and then slowly and sternly repeated his questions.

"Where have you been all day and night?"

"Sitting on the terrace of Prospect Hall, or wandering in the forest behind it."

"No where else?"

"No, father, nowhere else—from the forest straight home," replied Magdalene, quietly.

"What!—have you not been to St. Leonard's to see the children?"

"Father, you told me not to go, and I never disobeyed you in my life!"

"You have done it in this instance! You have! Caution now that you have been at St. Leonard's!"

"Father! I have been nowhere but to the places I told you!"

Adam Hawk drew up his belly, dark from to its tall height, folded his arms, and looked down for at the child. Very frowning looked Adam Hawk, with his tall, gaunt form, his dark, aquiline features, and his iron visor's growth of gray and hair and beard, hanging in unkempt elf locks down his cheeks and bosom—very formidable in the best of humors and terrible in his wrath.

If but no sister was an object of terror to the tender child.

"Leave my into no from nowhere?"

"I am looking at it!"

"Ah! he has come upon you at an hour you said not of! I hope he will find you watching, stage filled and lighted and ready!"

"I am prepared to render an account of my conduct to Judge Washington, sir, when he calls this is sudden. How is the judge and the young lady?"

"The judge is hale, and the young lady, my child grown, is—but did I not tell you that you were to keep on the watching of the buildings—which, immediately, and bring them up? They are to sleep here to-night—the mansion being not considered too clean and cold until the fires were used and warmed with two a day or two." Adam Hawk, who had left the room for a moment. I might have had the mansion house made comfortable for his reception," said Adam Hawk, thoughtfully.

"Oh, sure, and a great many other things to have made comfortable, honey, but I don't see you will not grudge your hospitality to the master in the cause, and for the one who you know a child to a wife, that believe it a compliment!"

"Ervin, you are a fool! Where is Magdalene? Where is your daughter? Where is your child? Where is your niece? Where is your niece? Where is your niece

do without these little comforts. My brother and I are happy enough together."

"I should think," I observed, "the employment must have much in it that is pleasant—a chemist peculiar to itself?"

"You are right," he said; "at first it possessed an indescribable charm. There was something mysterious about it; and it was with a strange feeling, half fear, half joy, that I used to know, that I used to find myself holding my nose with one hand, and, and watching, as it were, their consternation in the dark gloom. But the novelty over, all this died away; and though I still like the employment, it is no longer invested with its original charm."

"Were you long in learning to work it?" I inquired.

"Not very long—it is not so difficult; but it takes a long time before you are able to read the communications sent to you—that is to say, quickly and easily. The speed with which a message is conveyed depends much on the person receiving it. If he is quick and clever, he will understand what the words are before they are spelled to the end; and so, meeting the other, as it were, half way, the communication is carried on with great rapidity."

Here the harmony of the chorus, which, before we went into the other room, had been set, began making a tremendous noise.

"Ha!" said I, "some one is about to speak with you."

We went to the door of the little parlor, and looked into the office at the needles. They were moving backwards and forwards with their usual click click.

"Is it for you?" I said.

"Yes," he replied; "so many times be the right, and so many times to the left, that signifies——some station."

"What is it about?" I inquired, as I watched the two needles, shifting their places across the rooms over the small segment of a circle, expressed everything.

"It's about the down-train to-morrow. We are to send up some carriages."

"And were it from?"

"From the chief station in town."

The needles moved again.

"It is still the people in London who are speaking yet."

"No; now it is the ——— station."

I saw had an opportunity of seeing how quickly my companion read the movements of the needles. Incessantly came the jerk, meaning "I understand;" and again and again at quickly repeated intervals. Once there was an unusual movement, and I afterwards inquired what it meant.

"It meant," he replied, "'Say that once more.'" I could not make out what was said; and, just as I imagined, the other clerks had made it out.

"Now comes the answer; and it was astonishing how quickly it was delivered. As one's words pour out of the mouth in speaking, so these letters were poured forth by handfuls. How the needles rushed backwards and forwards, how killing, yet now came a quick shake, and then off they dashed to the side with a bold decided swing! There was no hesitation. Rattle, rattle, rattle; right, left, right; on it went without a pause—and now the people at——— could put their answer from the long little parlor at the station."

The evening had closed in, and there I still sat over the fire. A fire—a cool fire in an English grate is a wonderful comfort; for an English man who has been a long time from his old home. What was the man with myself; and therefore I was, I suppose, that I long about the hearth so one those about a spot that is fraught with pleasant recollections! It was quiet, and cheerful, and cozy. Presently the clicking noise was heard again.

"Ah, ah! it is from the ——— station." said my companion, going. "It is a friend of mine, who is speaking," he continued. "He wants to know if I shall come up next Sunday or not. I——don't——think——I shall," he said, repeating the words he was expressing by the wires. "No——not one if I——know." "No——no friend——here——with me."

"I am glad you have somebody with you, and are not alone, for it is most comfortless when one came back in reply.

"Almost every evening," said my companion, "we have a little chat before night comes on. He does not like to sing alone, so he talks with me."

"Who have you got with you?" asked my friend so insistent at the ———— station.

"No——one——you——know," was the reply. "I tell you what." I said, laughing a little, from——time——to——time. Adam first saw a walking——and directly.

"When I——arrived," continued the——cause," came back——and we both laughed.

"Confound the——things! I——wish they——were in——hell," follow——I'm——sure——heartily——repeated my companion, to "Confound——

know——the needles," I said, "how they are angry."

"Ay, he is laughing," he replied; "the——knows laughing." He is laughing at——and Shakes' shake' shake' shake' We laughed too to return by telegraph, just as we would have done had we been together. Another long——came back, with a "Good-night!" We wished——"good night!" in return, and for all that——was over.

And soon after, bidding my friend a good-night, too, I left him to pass the long hours of evening in companionship with that wonderful thing, which, though I believe, was no sentient, and though inanimate, could yet make itself heard by him who was appointed its watcher; for how yet audible vibrations being as the pulsation—of a heart that so intervals, by its fatal beating, gives sign of vitality.

Life in Utah.

THE MORMONS.

[A late number of the National Era, contains a letter dated Sept. 20, 1850, from "Great Salt Lake City," from which we extract the following very interesting account of the Mormons and their settlement:]

This is a strange community; consistency and inconsistency, light and darkness, bigotry and toleration, are strangely blended.

Reasoning clearly and logically, as they do, respecting man's natural rights and duties, and having established the largest liberty for others they are themselves the *veriest slaves* of the priesthood.

Over religious, and professing an unbounded reverence for all things sacred, believing that they are the chosen people, and have direct communication with God Himself, they make the Sabbath a day of amusement and recreation; balls and fandangoes and probably a no small room for an——— as at Oneida. Even Paganism can, many of them, utter oaths that would make an ordinary Christian's nose's hair stand on.

Collected as they are from all parts of the world, and having been imbibed and permeated and driven from Ohio to Missouri and from Missouri to Illinois, and from Illinois to the desert and mountains they are still de-cidedly attached to the American Union, and would stand by it and defend it to the very last. In fact, they believe that the Constitution of the United States was written by inspiration, and whatever others may do, they themselves defend it, and support it till the final consummation of all things. They say that our Government is the best that the world ever has produced, or ever will produce, till Jesus Christ shall come and claim the Earth as His inheritance, and reign over it Himself.

The valley is remarkably healthy. Agues and bilious fevers are exceedingly rare, and children boys and girls look as fair and fresh as the flowers of May. I believe, in fact, that this whole region of country is remarkably healthy. The Apostle Neeslaw is very healthy. It is true, there has been much sickness among the emigrants this season, and out of about 50,000 who have crossed the Plains, I believe that at least 1,000 have died. But I am fully convinced that the most of these deaths were caused by fear and over fatigue. Many, through fear, have pushed on faster than which is needful to bait and feed a change of cattle and horses; and they did not recover from the manner in which Fremont wishes Latin and compound names, that he would call it the *mountain of the sun*, and that the *sun* would not set on its bosom no scarcely a quarter of an hour's length. It is a most beautiful mountain to look at, with two main lanes on its head, and a view of smaller mountains and valleys at its feet. I have had five of them in a bottle for more than three months, and, though they have had no water, they are as fresh and as juicy and as green as ever.

I send you the last number of the Deseret News, the only paper published in the valley.

P. S.—The Indian war has commenced in good earnest. On the night of the 16th inst. they made an attack upon the North settlement, and succeeded in driving off about seventy head of cattle and grain, and killing and driving off one man. On the first alarm, the inhabitants assembled at Captain Brown's fort, fortified themselves as thoroughly as possible, and sent to the city for assistance. Governor Young has called out the militia, and Captain McBride's light artillery, were instantly dispatched to their relief. Word has been received that upon their approach the main body of the Indians fled to the South, and have not since been heard of. Our people are determined to punish the inhabitants and guard a few more lives and property.

Nearly every one who set out this year brought their wives and children with them, and many of them on the road died; so if they can get anything else fairly possible to the task is sufficient. Many, very many, of the Saints are poor, very poor. The Plains abound with the buffalo, elk, deer, and antelope, and the hunters are full of wild sheep, are found in all parts of the mountains, and the road, past emigration will be deserted, however, in getting thirty-five of them, which cannot be done under a dollar a piece. A principal Senate Chief, was killed. One white man was killed, by the name of Custer.

A. C. C.

STATISTICS OF TRADE.—Different trades and professions seem to o it the inhabitants of different countries. Thus, in Paris, there is a cook to every 36 souls; in Berlin, a cook to every 100; in Vienna, a cook to every 200; in London, a cook to every 300; in Edinburgh, a cook to every 400. The number of barbers is also limited, but there is not a branch number to be found. While no statistical person has ever attempted to count the lawyers, it is said that the barbers are

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1851.

SATURDAY EVENING POST

STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

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THIS YEAR'S CAMPAIGN.

In the intervals of Mrs. Southworth's Novelets, we shall publish shorter novelets and stories from the pens of other well known writers. We have two now on hand, which shall be published as early as possible, viz.:

The Iron Hand, by T. S. Arthur.

The Texan Huntress, by C. W. Webber, author of "The Shot in the Eye," &c.

Reports of Lectures, the Cream of the Foreign Periodicals, Engravings, Congressional Reports, General News, Wit and Humor, &c., &c., shall be given as of old.

From Washington.

THIRTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

SENATE.

On the 27th, petitions were presented for the Ebony Line of Steamers, for a modification of the Tariff, against the Fugitive Slave Law, in favor of the repeal of all laws supporting slavery in the District of Columbia, &c. The last two were laid on the table.

Mr. Benton called up the Bill to pay Missouri the amount of the two per cent. fund received on sales of public lands.

Mr. Shields supported the Bill.

Mr. Clay said that at a proper time he could prove to the Senate that Missouri was not, to the amount of one farthing, the creditor of the United States on account of this two per cent. fund. He was too feeble then, but if the Bill was postponed, he would hereafter do so.

Mr. Benton was willing the Bill should be post...

...to be appointed at a salary of twenty-five hundred dollars. The joint resolution was considered, and its engrossment ordered.

Mr. Mason offered a resolution directing inquiry into the propriety of providing by law to pay Spanish claims on account of the Amistad case, as recommended by Mr. Polk, in his message of December, 1847. Mr. Chase objecting, the resolution lies over.

The Senate then took up the Bill on Private Land Claims in California. The question pending was Mr. Benton's modified amendment, that bona fide possession for twenty years should be evidence of perfect claim.

Mr. Gwinn opposed the amendment. It would secure to priests the vast mission lands, they having for more than twenty years held possession.

Mr. Benton replied, reading from Mexican laws, showing that the mission lands had been secularized and made public property. There was not one square inch of land in California now held under mission grants.

Mr. Dawson read from Mr. Taylor's work on California, showing that the question of possession by priests was still in doubt.

Mr. Clay opposed the amendment, and then, on motion, the Senate adjourned.

On the 31st, Mr. Turner introduced a joint resolution, amendatory of joint resolution of 1848, expressing thanks of Congress to General Scott and Taylor, by directing the President to have made swords, with suitable devices, to be presented to all Major Generals and Brigadier Generals engaged in battles under Scott and Taylor.

Mr. Mason's resolution directing inquiry into the propriety of paying Spanish claimants arising out of the Amistad case, was called up.

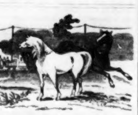
Mr. Chase reported the circumstances of the Amistad case, and denied any justice in the claims against the United States on account of these claims.

Mr. Hale said this claim was the most outrageous demand ever heard of in these days of perfect harmony and fraternal love. When the agitators were dead and agitation quieted, it was not safe to push the moral sense of the people too far, by such claims as these—though those who have resisted slavery may now be tranquil, their feelings were existing at the bottom of seeming tranquility.

Mr. Clay said this resolution was one of inquiry only. His opinions on the justice of the claim were not fixed either for or against it; he could not but remark on the evidence, that the peace and harmony of the recent measures were effectual; that the conduct of certain Senators in the agitation of domestic slavery was at an end, and the Senator from New Hampshire and those who act with him, seize upon every question relating to foreign trade, and endeavor to make some capital out of it to revive agitation on domestic slavery. The Senator from New Hampshire voted in the minority on the slave trade the other day. The Senator himself admits that the party of which he has been a leader, is now at the bottom, and there I hope they, and all others who desire agitation on domestic slavery will remain forever. I believe they will never rise again to disturb the country.

Mr. Hale said he never had introduced agitation; he did not introduce the slave trade...

General News.



POLITICAL NEWS.

Maryland.—The Maryland Reform Convention now in session at Annapolis have unanimously adopted an article against changing the relation between master and slave.

State Reform Convention Bill.—The Bill for a State National Reform Convention has passed the House unanimously.

Homestead Exemption.—The Senate of Indiana has passed the Homestead Bill, exempting $1,000 of real estate from seizure and sale under execution. It is uncertain what will be done with this Bill in the House, but it is understood that the majority are in favor of some sort of exemption law.

Recognition of Liberia.—A letter in the National Intelligencer, states that a delegation from the American Colonization Society waited on Hon. Daniel Webster, inquiring of him the propriety of our Government recognizing the Republic of Liberia. Mr. Webster spoke encouragingly to them on the subject, and referred them to President Fillmore, who also encouraged them.

Massachusetts.—Robt. Rantoul has been elected Senator for the unexpired term of Daniel Webster. The contest between Sumner and Winthrop is yet undecided.

Rhode Island.—Charles T. James, (Dem.,) has been elected United States Senator on the eighth ballot. The vote stood—James 50, Whipple 20, Simmons 19, scattering 10. The Whigs have a decided majority, but could not agree on...

Clippings.

The Markets.

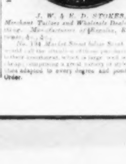
PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

NEW YORK MARKETS, FEB. 1.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Bank Note List.

ATTENTION, CAPITALISTS!



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For a single square, (eighteen lines,) first insertion,	$2.00
For each subsequent insertion,	$1.50
For one square 6 months,	$20.00
For one square, a year,	$40.00

☞ Payment is required in advance.

ALMANAC.

Feb., 1851.	Sun Rises	Sun Sets	High Water	Moon's Phases
8 Saturday	6 52	5 8	7 15	
9 Sunday	6 51	5 9	8 2	D. H. M.
10 Monday	6 50	5 10	8 53	
11 Tuesday	6 48	5 12	9 49	
12 Wed'sday	6 47	5 13	10 48	Last 1 12 47
13 Thursday	6 46	5 14	11 49	New 9 3 39
14 Friday	6 45	5 15	12 59	First 15 10 17
15 Saturday	6 44	5 16	1 59	Full 22 4 23

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Jan. 26,	43	53	58
27,	41	41	42
28,	34	40	41
29,	40	44	70
30,	15	18	81
31,	14	18	24
Feb. 1,	17	24	30

Marriages.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. H. S. Porter, D. D., Jesse Knouse, to Charlotte Kulp, all of Philadelphia.

On the 30th ult. at St. Andrew's Church, by the Rev. Wm. B. Stevens, Mr. William A. Hunter, to Rosalia Cecilia, daughter of Alex. Allen.

On the 12th ult. by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. William D. Haney to Lettie Williams, both of the Northern Liberties.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. J. B. Dales, Mr. Thomas Bradford, of Richmond, Va. to Miss Ruth Ingraham, of this city.

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. Thos. S. Malcom, Mr. Eben C. Jayne, to Miss Ellen F. Morselander, all of Philadelphia.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. Richard Newton, N. B. Harris, to Miss Susan L. Coomb.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. T. L. Janeway, Mr. Jesse Lee to Miss Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. Lewis Shunock, all of this city.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Humphreys, Mr. Henry Thorp, to Miss Elizabeth J. Herring, daughter of Abner Herring, of Delaware.

Deaths.

SHEPHERD'S CLOTHING STORE,

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PANTALOONS,	3 50 — [illegible]

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YOU AND I.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Who would scorn his humble fellow
For the color of his skin?
For the purity of nature?
For the purity within?
Who would pass him in the highway
With averted eye?
Would you, brother? Nay—you would not.
If you would—not I.

Who would wage a war of crime against,
With a great success
Asked for pardon, would refuse for
More than wilderness?
Who to wrong woman's nature
Would by force apply?
Would you, brother? Nay—you would not.
If you would—not I.

Who would say that all who differ
From his creed must be
Wicked sinners, meet to be rejected,
Scout in Heaven's sea,
And remain with them to perdition
With a holy sigh?
Would you, brother? Nay—you would not.
If you would—not I.

Who would say that sin does cheating,
Be the culprit poor
Might be robbed by Sunday preaching
From the tainted hoard,
If the preaching there were solemn,
And the creed high?
Would you, brother? Nay—you would not.
If you would—not I.

Who would say that Vice is Virtue
In a hall of state?
Or that vagrancy are not dishonest
If they fine—if gates?
Who would say Success and Merit
Never part company?
Would you, brother? Nay—you would not.
If you would—not I.

Who would give a curse for either
When the cause is strong,
For dissent if on its duties,
Whether right or wrong?
Ever siding with the winners
Letting downward lie?
Would you, brother? Nay—you would not.
If you would—not I.

Who would lend his arm to strengthen
Wrong with brother?
Who would give his pen to blacken
Freedom's page to light?
Who would lend his tongue to utter
Power of tyranny?
Would you, brother? Nay—you would not.
If you would—not I.

Pictures of Life.

HUNGARIAN MILITARY SKETCHES.

From a translation of portions of a volume of Tales and Sketches by Hungarian authors, we take the following sketches of scenes in the late Revolution. They present the Hungarian military character in a vivid and romantic light:

A BALL.

This is a letter from a young lady to a friend, describing her and her mother's terror at the attempted arrival of a Hungarian division, after English Grove's gigantic victory at Schlosgun, and relating how the old woman hid herself in a cupboard, and closet, and urged her daughter to stain her face black, in order to diminish her personal attractions—succeeding with the latter, not exactly comprehending its motive, more ludicrously superb. Presently she is astounded by the arrival of a couple of hussar officers, instead of the leather-clad Calmuck-visaged barbarians, were fast high, and gaily beards in their waists, which her reason has predicted, and still more is she surprised on, instead of breaking open doors and ill-treating women, the new comers request a ball for that very night. A ball! she exclaims, and where she is greatly smitten with elegant Captain of Hussars. He has to go her out to dance, when the band—unable to the sound of music, and—is sorry to hear announces an attack upon the enemy. The officers buckle on their sabres—pour in the hall, begging the ladies to excuse them in little more than an hour for the dance. But half-hour, they have not returned. The room finished and the ladies re-formed, but Laura disappointed. A tall dry-mannered Major, awaits her, your partner begs a thousand of ten for his absence. With the best will to be, he cannot have the pleasure of dancing with you, for his leg has been shot away and amputated above the knee."

THE HUNGARIAN HUSSAR.

All who have read Mad Schlesinger's admirable narrative of the War of the Hungarians will so sorrily remember his account of the Hungarian hussar, "the embodiment of Magyarism, born and reared upon the heath," having his country before all things, and, next to his country, his horse. "There are no soldiers in the Austrian army," says Schlesinger, "who can compare with him in his adroitness and dexterity, precision in manœuvres, strict subordination, steadiness and fidelity." Mr. Sage loves to exalt the virtues, and exemplify the eccentricities of this fine race of cavalry soldiers. In several of his tales he introduces the heroic hussar, cheerfully suffering and sacrificing himself for Hungary's good and the honor of his corps. The opening scene of *The Chapel at Zarczad* is an amusing sketch of one of these characters. Amusingly pervaded of the immeasurable superiority of the Magyar over all other men, and of the hussar over every other soldier:

The Austrians had won the battle, the Hungarians had lost it. The Austrian General was taking his ease in his quarters, with his staff around him; an aide-de-camp arrived, and reported the capture of a hussar.

"Bring him in," said the General, who was in excellent humor, for himself were the advantages of the hussar regiment he had formerly commanded, and had indeed left his sabre and made himself comfortable; whilst his officers stood around hoisted to his side, and strictly according to regulation.

The hussar entered—a bare-headed veteran with gray moustaches. His face was still black with the smoke of Schlosswitz's battle; his stiffly-waxed moustaches stuck out fiercely right and left. His glanced gloomily around him, evidently pleased with his company, until his eye fell upon the Colonel. Then a gleam came over his features, like the sun breaking through a cloud, and he was near shouting for joy. The General laughed, and clapped his hands together. He recognized old Miska, his former orderly, who had served him for five years in succession.

"Do you know me again, old man?" said he, good-humouredly.

"At once service, Colonel," replied the hussar, raising his hand to his bow, as though his sabre were still on his hand.

"General, not Colonel," interposed one of the officers.

Silently and contemptuously the hussar surveyed the speaker with his eyes, intimating that as infantry-man, Captain though he might be, dared intrude upon the conference of hussars.

"So you have let yourself be taken prisoner, Miska?" said the General, willing to tease his old servant.

What could I do, Colonel? There were so many against me. I got into a crowd of them.

"You knocked over a few, I dare say.

"I did not count them, but something counted upon the ground."

"Right, Miska. Let them give you a drink, and then go to my groom, if he will not quarrel with you, give him as good as he brings.

The hussar changed his former Colonel, but seemed in small hurry to leave the room. The General noticed him no further, but went on talking to his officers and resumed the discussion of his pipe of campaign. Suddenly he felt a pull at his pelisse, and, looking behind, Miska stood, his stolen quietly seated him. With an unintelligible gesture, and a countenance of considerable anxiety, the hussar pointed to something.

"Colonel! Colonel!" he whispered, substituting the eagerness of his gesticulation for the sonorousness of his voice, "Colonel, there is a Captain of Hussars in the room!"

"What the d—l do you want with it?"

"Only give it him! In two minutes there shall not be a German in the room."

Miska thought his Colonel was a prisoner.

The General burst into a hearty laugh, and told his officers of the hussar's kind intentions towards them. The former looked contemptuous. The officers crowded round the old soldier, clapped him on the shoulder, and made much of him.

"Well, Miska, you will take service with us?" said the General, curious to hear his answer.

"There are no hussar regiments here?" replied the old soldier, twisting his moustaches.

"What matter? You shall be a cuirassier. Will make a corporal of you."

"Many thanks. Can't stand it. Should have been sergeant long ago, if I could write.

"What do you think of doing then? Eat your pelisse in idleness?"

"Not so—by your honor's favor—but make a run for it."

The honest answer pleased the General. The hussar saw that it did.

"A whole regiment of those sailor-legged infidels could not keep me," he added.

One of the officers asked him sagely why he wished to go back. Those were mistakes, if any, who regarded a rude answer from the hussar.

"Yonder is my regiment," he replied, again striking his breast with a fist—"a true soldier takes by his colors."

To this nothing could be objected.

"Well, Miska, that you may not desert from us, I let you go free."

"Thanks, Colonel." Once more the hand was raised to the schako's place.

"You can go."

The hussar lingered, rubbed his nose, and growled.

"Colonel—you surely do not intend me to pass through the whole camp in hussar uniform, and on foot. It would be a shame for the regiment to see back my horse."

"Your horse? That is the Emperor's property, my son."

"I crave your pardon, Colonel: I reared the horse myself from a colt. I have had him for seven years, and it comes at my whistle. By every right it belongs to me. I would rather a bullet hit me than lose the good brute."

"Well, take it."

Even now the hussar did not seem satisfied.

"Colonel! can I go back to my regiment in the—undress?" he asked, with a look which said he shall have on the gazetteer; they will think I have sold it for drink."

"It shall be restored to you." The General made sign to his colleagues; the hussar retired, returned in dress. But at the door he once more paused, and gazed pathetically at his former chief.

"Colonel!" he said, in the most insinuating tone he could command—

"Well?"

"Colonel—come over to us!"

And with a bound he was outside of the room, feeling well enough that he had said something extraordinarily stupid, but which he could not help saying though it had cost him his head.

When hussar and hero were restored to him, one of the General's grooms, a mischievous fellow, trod on the hussar's spur, bruising the heel, and thus giving him a noble limping.

The old hussar shook his clenched fist menacingly.

"Wait a little, Italian!" he cried, "I will hit you yet." Then saluting the General's window with his sabre, he galloped away.

It was thought that a tear glistened in the General's eye, as he turned to his staff, and said—

"Such soldiers should we have!"

Such were the soldiers with whom Georgy Dora—before him the best Generals of Austria, with whom he triumphed in that brilliant conflict, of fourteen days' duration, which terminated in the capture of Pesth, the relief of Leutzen, and the complete retreat of the Imperialists. Those were the men who rode up to the very muzzles of the Austrian cannon at Acsay, and who followed, in twenty conflicts, the well-known scenery of the gigantic Bem, Dembinski. Of this last-named general (of whom Schlesinger has given many interesting details), we find him presenting and authentic anecdotes in Sage's vigorous military sketch, entitled *The Two Bombs*.

Dembinski and his troops occupied in the night at two leagues from Szolnok. In order of battle, and without much refreshment, for there was of the signal to advance. The signal was the sound of cannon, fired beyond the Theiss.

The Hungarian General had already fought many battles, won many victories, taken prisoners, and captured standards. He had, in himself in front of his army, looked [illegible] ing and cannon-balls, and urged [illegible] on to; and rushed forward, [illegible] ing, crushing all before him. Hence that, to be [illegible] There were persons who thought to rob [illegible] who wounded him permanent evidence of [illegible] to future generations; they one must [illegible] tents, to be [illegible] tents, to take, when he marched away and [illegible] that he addressed to the bombardment. The [illegible] a proclamation which he [illegible] It was word for word as [illegible]

"Soldiers!

"I depart. But I shall come back again.

"I go to the assistance of the brave, and I will organize you from the face of the earth; and then, that the seed of the feeble may be extinct, I, the last of them, will shoot myself. Georgy Dora."

On the eve of the battle, Dembinski felt his spirits extraordinarily low.

"Georgy," thought he to himself, "never yet were I trembled at the approach of a fight, but now I feel as if I were afraid. Can there exist a sought within himself the cause of this tremor, and could not find it.

Presently, however, one of the staff-officers came to remind him that, before the next day's fight, they required to know the name of the position there.

"I—I take it?" cried the General. "For what what made me shake in my boots. But never fear, it shall be done—I will venture it—the name of the position."

He had drawn out his plan of battle in a quarter of an hour, and had written down the name. It was still hammering at his speech.

The staff-officer retired, and Dembinski, Dunajecska along the front of the line. Everybody knew he was to make a speech, and what a crisis was the moment for.

Before the colors of the ninth battalion he halted, and held forth as follows:

"Comrades!"

At that instant the artillery beyond the Theiss began to roar, and the first division, the Austrians, was gleaned, he forgot phrases and orations, how they had met in battle—how they had conquered, and how they had fled. Then came the glorious retreat, the [illegible] of the Austrian army, the [illegible]